

WIDE WORLD

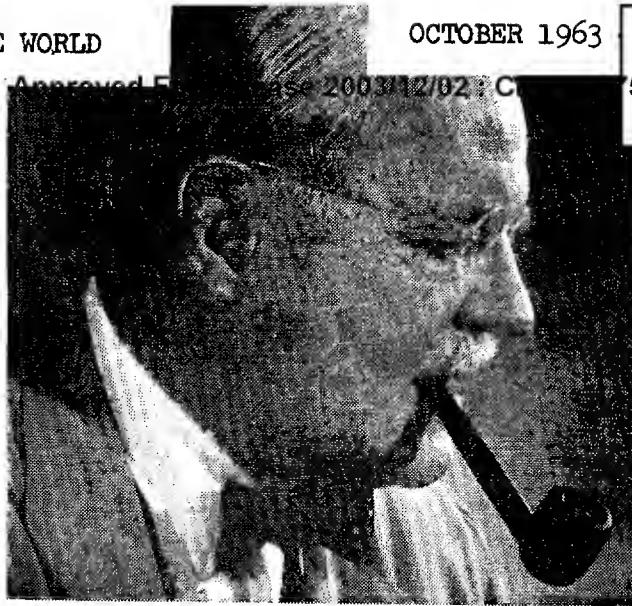
OCTOBER 1963

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2003/12/02 : CIA

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Allen Dulles, boss of C.I.A.—under fire.



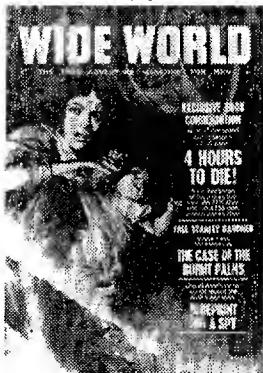
BY THE EDITOR

FROM my side, as it were, of this issue of our magazine, three things particularly impress me. Firstly, the story of the loss of the M.V. *Dara*, "Four Hours To Die I" paints a picture of a tragedy that was in many ways more shocking than the loss of the *Titanic*. For although more people died with that ship, the high proportion of women and children on the *Dara* lends its drama extra poignancy, and nothing is quite so terrifying as fire at sea.

Secondly, as someone who comes into contact with a great many travellers and explorers, I am lost in admiration for that great fiction writer Erle Stanley Gardner. For in this story "The Case Of The Burnt Palms," incidentally his first non-fiction work to be published in Britain, he reveals that he embarked on an arduous and even dangerous expedition, into a hostile country, when he was well over 70 years of age.

Thirdly, the question of whether or not we should have published

"Blueprint For A Spy." Many intelligence experts asserted that the book from which it comes reveals too much of the behind-the-scenes organization of Western intelligence networks. I feel, however, that tax-payers who foot the bill for these activities should know something of how their money is spent, and should have a better understanding of why "businessmen" and "students," seemingly innocent people, so often feature in spy trials. Finally, you may be surprised at the implied ineptitude of the Central Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.) of America, one of the leading protagonists in the world power game. On the other hand, is so much spying really necessary?



THIS MONTH'S COVER

The Dara tragedy is so full of human drama, heroism, cowardice and sheer terror, that cover artist Neville Dear was faced with great difficulty in choosing one aspect of the disaster to represent the whole. He decided that the element of despair common to many of the passengers was most forcibly embodied in the large number of women and children on board. The Indian woman and child symbolize those who perished in the flames. It is a poignant and moving illustration.

Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2

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39/11

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- Bees in the Belfry

capable of sawing and sorting 500,000 board feet per day.

Canadian experts will superintend its erection in the dense forests of southern Siberia, where the Russian timber industry is comparable to forestry in Canada's north country.

After being hopelessly lost in a severe blizzard for two days, a party of four American Servicemen arrived in a tiny settlement near the township of Stevens on the Yukon river in Alaska—saved by a ghost.

Their leader, Greg Meyer, said that he and his men had floundered around in swirling snow without any sense of direction, until a huge dog, similar to a Great Dane, had suddenly appeared before them, then bounded away at an easy lope.

With their two dog teams, the Americans had followed, the mysterious dog keeping just ahead of them, until they arrived at a collection of huts used by a weather team. One of the meteorologists stood in the doorway of one of the huts, holding a lighted lamp aloft, for he had heard their dogs approaching, barking furiously at the large animal ahead of them.

But the weather man had not seen anything of the mysterious guide, nor could its tracks be found in the newly-fallen snow. This was the sixth reported instance of the ghostly Dane saving lost travellers.

Rima Choti was a poor farmer near Sringeri, in the Mysore province of India. But he was a kindly man, and when, four years ago, a very old beggar squatted on his land, he allowed the man to remain, feeding him regularly in return for light work. The old man had but three possessions, a pair of battered sandals, a loincloth and an umbrella.

One day the old man died and he gave him a decent funeral, getting permission to bury him on the farm.

Choti thought it would be a nice gesture to erect the old man's umbrella over his grave as a sort of memorial, but while planting it in the ground, the fastening became loose, and banknotes spilled in the dust.

The beggar's fortune was equi-



Through India with
loincloth, umbrella,—
and a small fortune

valent to £80, and the authorities have decided that in the absence of any other claimant, Choti should have the wealth of the old man he befriended.

When, because of his drunken habits, Jose Peripe was sacked from his job as caretaker of the little church in a village near Diamantina, Brazil, she became embittered and decided to take vengeance upon the villagers who had supported his dismissal. Locking himself in the belfry, he began furiously ringing the bells, having declared that he would continue to do so throughout the night, keeping the village awake until it promised to reinstate him.

But he had not reckoned on a swarm of bees already housed in the bell tower. Disturbed by his nocturnal concerto, the bees attacked Jose, who was stung so badly that he had to give up his nuisance campaign and go to hospital.

For the fifth consecutive year, Roger Carriere has been crowned King Trapper at the nation-wide Trappers' Festival held at The Pas, Manitoba, and is fast becoming a legendary figure. Aged 33, and just under six feet tall, he weighs 15 stone and is powerfully built.

Here are some of the feats that made him champion. He ran 100 yards in 23 seconds with a 125-lb. canoe on his shoulders, won a flour-carrying contest by jogging around with 650 pounds on his back, and then, wrestled and defeated some of Canada's top exponents of Indian wrestling. But that was only the beginning. He went on to swim a mile in 19 minutes, excelled in log lifting, jousting, fish eating, ice fishing, paddling, rat skinning and trap setting. There must be easier ways to make a name!



King Trapper,
heavyweight loads—
and up the pole.

Approved For Release 2003/12/02 : CIA-RDP75-00001R000300160020-6



By CHRISTOPHER FELIX

Approved For Release 2003/12/02 : CIA-RDP75-00001R000300160020-6

BLUEPRINT FOR A SPY

(continued)

prone to the temptation to overstate his accomplishments, if not deliberately falsify them.

More importantly, he must always be assumed to be available to the highest bidder, and it must always be assumed that the highest bidder will be the opposition. But generally a competent secret service avoids, as much as possible, the agent working for money.

There has seldom been a Western trial of a Soviet agent which revealed anything more than relatively trifling sums involved (the Vassal case is an exception).

It is not that the Russians are mean in these matters; they simply observe the classic principle that a hired agent is the least desirable.

Compulsion of an individual to act as a secret agent takes many forms, and is not infrequent. Blackmail is one form of such compulsion, and it is a favourite Soviet technique.

It is by no means limited to sexual matters. But it is a regrettable fact—accurately understood and used by the Russians—that Americans, and to a lesser extent the British, are particularly subject to blackmail in this sphere.

However, one of my American colleagues once gave the right answer when confronted by the problem. Shown a series of highly compromising photographs of himself with a lady not his wife, he was threatened that they would be sent to his wife, his father and his mother. His answer was brief. "Suporb photography, I'll take a dozen copies."

He at least understood that if you're going to go out it may as well be laughing; the tears are for later. In his case, interestingly enough, they weren't—neither he nor his family ever heard of the matter again.

Another favourite Russian device is the holding of hostages, usually family, to compel service as an agent.

It is also a fact that compulsion is not limited to the Russians.

In many Western European countries it is made clear to resident foreigners, particularly refugees in difficulties, that the necessary work and residence permits are dependent upon

CHRISTOPHER FELIX

The author, once a top U.S. secret agent, rose to a high rank in his country's security network. He master-minded the American intelligence operation in Hungary during and after the revolution. Recently he resigned from security work, but for obvious reasons he writes under a pseudonym.

their reporting regularly and fully to the intelligence authorities.

Even so, it stands to reason that the recruitment of an agent by compulsion is a very limited technique. An agent moved only by fear of punishment is certainly lacking in initiative and is in no state of mind to exploit his own skills or possibilities to the fullest.

The most important limitation on such an agent is his lack of reliability. Hidden betrayal is a constant possibility, even when the hold over the agent still exists, and is pretty much of a certainty when the hold is relinquished.

It is also fairly certain that if the agent is uncovered by the opposition he will cooperate fully with them.

The agent who is moved by prospects of personal gain is a more subtle and sophisticated variant of the agent who seeks only money. His scope is wider, since he knows and acts on the principle that secret information is power. His intention is to turn that power to personal profit.

He usually counts on participation in a secret operation to give him access to information otherwise unobtainable, or to put him in a position he can turn to good account in terms of money, influence, position or opportunities. His intention is seldom to profit from the operation itself; on the contrary, he usually renders reasonably good service up to a point. His personal profit comes as a sort of fringe benefit to the operation.

The limitations of such an agent in terms of control and dependability are obvious. Since the fringe benefit—never acknowledged by him to be paramount—is to him the important part of the arrangement, his participation in the operation has an element of falsity which can lead to serious errors.

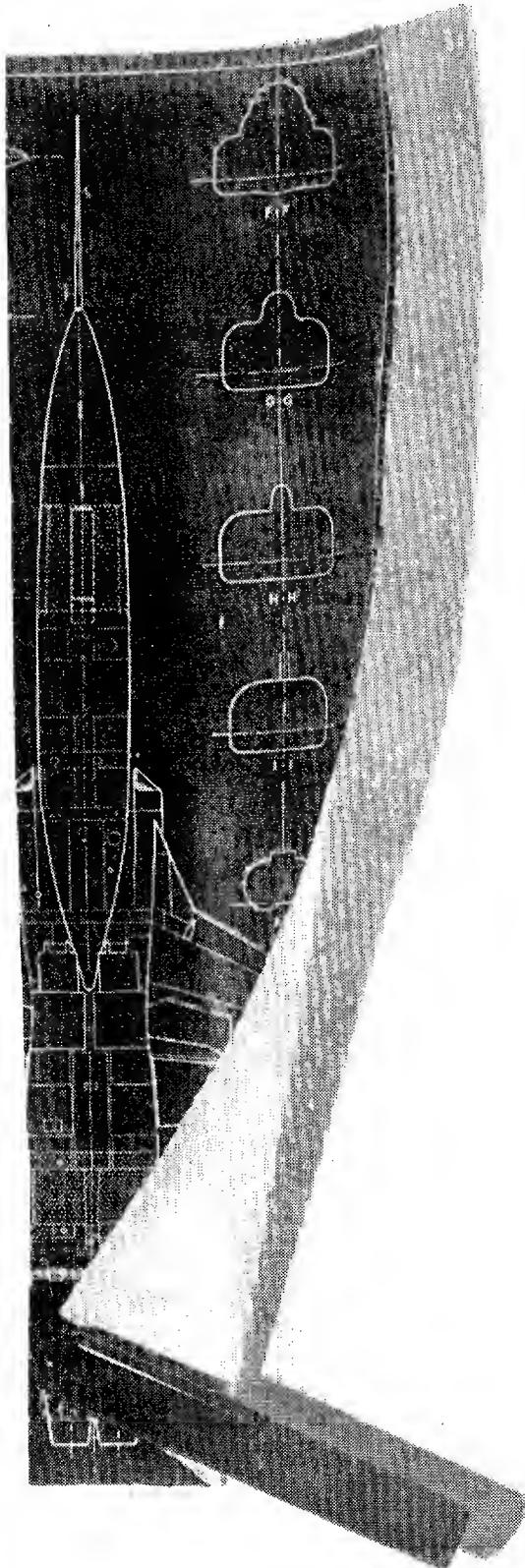
At first glance, ambition seems a strange motive to associate with secret operations. It is not readily clear what ambition can be satisfied by work in a field hidden from the public gaze and without rewards. Ambition, nevertheless, does play a valid role, largely because of developments in the last twenty years.

Before the Second World War, the secret war was limited in scope and intensity. Its professionals were men who performed valuable services for their governments, but their influence was limited.

Today, all over the world, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, that has changed. The real power that is now wielded by the upper echelons of secret operations is no less considerable for not being advertised to the public.

The Central Intelligence Agency, America's principal arm in the secret war, has overt personnel and functions, even though virtually all its activities are secret. The Director of Central Intelligence Agency and his two principal deputies are overt officials, although responsible for our secret operations.

The identity of the American CIA.



**One of America's top
agents reveals the facts
about how intelligence
operations are run in
the ceaseless secret
war between the nations**

MELODRAMATIC is avoided by the professionals who fight the secret war of espionage. This is not because of a lack of patriotism or determination to win, but a simple recognition of the facts of international life and an unwillingness to underestimate their tasks.

The professionals also use different terms than those employed by the public prosecuting attorneys and mystery writers.

The words spy and enemy are not used.

They become agent and the opposition.

There is in this a tacit, even if precarious, mutual respect which is the universal mark of competing professionals. This mutual respect should not, of course, be confused with any code of chivalry. The basic theory of this kind of conflict begins with the premise that no holds are barred.

The motives of most secret agents fall into identifiable categories. In ascending order of desirability, these categories are money, compulsion, personal gain, ambition, political support and duty.

The agent who operates only for money exists: cities like Vienna, Beirut, Hong Kong, Zurich, trading-places of information and centres of manoeuvre for both sides in the secret war, are full of men attempting to glean a living from selling their services as agents, without regard for nationality.

Obviously, however, the provider of secret services for money is all too

BLUEPRINT FOR A SPY

(continued)

proportion to that which is secret than the visible part of an iceberg to its underwater mass.

In Communist countries, the men who control the secret operations apparatus are high party functionaries and participate in major decisions. It is noteworthy that as time goes on, more and more of those men achieve their high party rank through advancement in the secret service.

Secret operations have tended to become a career, an accepted path of governmental power.

Two British former secret operations officials with whom I collaborated, are now increasingly influential Members of Parliament.

One of President Kennedy's ambassadorial appointments was a man who made his mark in the Central Intelligence administration.

Political support is a highly reliable but varied and complex motive. It transcends limitations of nationality and is a prime mover in the secret war.

As a motive for an agent, a sense of duty ranks high. It ensures his reliability, and it eliminates any necessity for bargaining about objectives. Since the fulfilment of a sense of duty brings its own rewards, the agent thus moved is devoid of any falsity in his position. Anonymity, lifelong if necessary, is acceptable.

Nobody enters into secret operations as a lark. The demands are too rigorous, the issues too weighty and complex, for a mere adventurer. Some men in secret operations have indeed a strong sense of adventure. Some relish being privy to secrets. Some experience personal satisfaction at being able to operate outside the framework of normal order and society—but these are attributes of the life and insufficient as reasons for entering it.

Some men and women even become involved in secret operations unconsciously, so to speak—a chain of circumstances ensnares them without a clear or definite realisation or decision on their part.

It is rare, however, that an agent is moved by only one of the motives described above. Such purity of motive does not correspond to the complexity of most human beings. When it does occur it is usually for special reasons, generally of short duration, and often results in fanaticism—not a desirable quality in a field where cool-headedness and breadth of view are prime qualities.

In most cases motives are mixed, and if properly understood by the agent's chief, can contribute to his usefulness.

The value of one highly useful American agent in Latin America, for example, for years depended on his ability to move freely among the very wealthy. He was a social snob and the very wealthy. He was a social snob and

lacked the necessary vast personal resources. His functioning as an agent was, therefore, to some extent an example of the agent working for personal gain.

He also had a strong sense of duty, so his reliability was not in question. Similarly, his interest in the kind of life he led contributed to his usefulness and success as an agent.

The most important relationship in the whole field of secret operations is that between the agent and the man who controls him—the case officer.

It is the agent who acts and who is directly in touch with the enemy, the "opposition". The agent is exposed and visible—he operates "outside". The case officer directs the agent. He is invisible and works only "inside".

The case officer must ensure that the agent's actions advance the objectives of the operation on which they are engaged; this clearly requires domination of the agent by the case officer.

The possibilities of this domination are reinforced at the outset by the fact that the case officer represents the authority which defines the objectives of the operation, and he controls the resources which make the operation possible.

But woe to the case officer who relies only on these two elements to achieve his mastery over the agent. In doing so he immediately forfeits the confidence of the agent as well as his essential willingness.

It is just here that an American weakness occurs.

Time and again I have seen American case officers cut off funds to enforce discipline over an agent.

One effect of this is ultimately to reduce the agent to the status of a mere pensioner. In espionage operations this can result in highly unreliable information. In a political operation it can be fatal.

Often the matter of funds becomes an irritant between case officer and agent simply because of American suspicion about money, and fear of being victimized. Behind every case officer in the Central Intelligence Agency is a squadron of bookkeepers and accountants, sniffing hungrily for a wrongfully-diverted penny.

One highly qualified agent once worked out with the Americans a complex political operation which included considerable postage, for which he was given a specified budget.

The *Sverdlovsk* brought Krushchev to Britain on a friendship visit. Nevertheless, said the Russians, British frogman Commander Crabb, spied on the ship in Portsmouth harbour.



Director's British counterpart, on the other hand, is secret and withheld from all except those needing to know.

The identity of the head of the (West) German, General Gohlen, is known, but only a handful of authorized persons, including but a few of the personnel of his own organization, know him by sight as such. He appears in his identity of General Gohlen only to this small group, a practice made easier by the reported fact that there is only one very old photograph of him in existence.

Interestingly enough the Soviet arrangement, although different in important respects, corresponds more closely to the American

than to the British or German solutions, at least to the extent that the Committee on State Security is an overt organization, and its chairman's identity is known.

The French, on the other hand, tend to resolve the problem more in the British fashion. They admit, as the British do not, the existence of an overt organization the Service de Documentation et Contre-Espionage, but they neither publish nor publicize the identity of its Director.

It will be seen that in secret operations, while the various combinations of overt and secret reflect the different national circumstances, that which is overt is in even lesser

His headquarters were in an American cover organization and, early in the operation, before he had received the promised funds, he had to absent himself for ten days. He told his secretary to continue the postings, using the cover organization's postage-meter.

In his absence a bookkeeper complained of his unauthorized use of the postage-meter and immediately, without any opportunity for explanation on the agent's part, the case officer was required to cancel the operation.

When the agent told me this story, almost a year later, he was still paying off the debts with which this episode had saddled him. He was not enthusiastic about working with Americans.

The American difficulty in the agent-case officer relationship is often simply a reflection of the bureaucratic approach to problems, and the disproportionate influence of the American fetish for administration.

I was once charged with the planning and direction of the American part of a joint Anglo-American operation, similar to the Cuban operation, but smaller and more tentative in scope. (It also failed, with loss of life, but at least the failure was not public.)

While I was still casting about for the most qualified personnel—the area was fairly exotic, and very few Americans were acquainted with it—I was called to a conference in Washington. In the room I saw an intricate organizational chart on the wall and a colleague pointed to it, saying: "I have worked all this out, and as you will see you need 457 bodies for this operation."

He then spoke for forty minutes, without ever mentioning the country with which we were concerned. I confined myself to remark-

ing that I didn't think we could find 457 "bodies", and that I would happily settle for six brains.

By way of contrast, I went to London a week later and observed the British approach to the same problem. After sitting round a table for an hour or two, one Englishman said: "I say, why don't we get old Henry up here? He knows about this."

A day or two later old Henry showed up from down in Sussex and agreed to undertake the task although, as he said, "This will wreak havoc with the garden, you know. Just getting it into trim." He then added that he would do it only on condition that he could have six persons, whom he named, and that they be responsible solely and directly to him.

One of the principal tools in the case officer's hands for establishing and maintaining his dominance over the agent is greater knowledge. He has, after all, national resources of information behind him and he must use them.

Obviously, the case officer's authority must be unassailable. This means ideally that the agent's contacts with the organization should be limited to the case officer only. This is usually possible in espionage operations, but in political operations it is much more difficult.

However imperative the need for the case officer to dominate the relationship with the agent, there are major obstacles to his doing so. For one thing, the relationship is not that between employer and employed, nor is it the military one between superior and subordinate. In its theoretically ideal form the case officer would be master and the agent servant. The case officer would define the objectives and the agent would obey unquestioningly, his skill



BLUEPRINT FOR A SPY

(continued)

completely at the disposal of the case officer. Obviously, no human relationship is that simple.

The military system is an attempt to approach such a relationship, but every new officer in a military service soon learns that it is not sufficient merely to give an order for leadership to be real and effective. This is even more true in secret operations, which exist in a shadow world in which the generally accepted constraints and values of conventional relationships do not apply.

It is the agent who acts and to this extent every agent is a free agent. The case officer can neither be present at the action, take part in it, nor supervise it on the spot. A man thus dependent on another is not in a good position to dominate their relationship.

This basic problem is intensified by the fact that communications between the case officer and agent are frequently difficult. There may be long intervals between meetings, or communications may consist of no more than occasional radio signals. Where personal contact between case officer and agent is non-existent, contact is maintained by "cut-outs".

A cut-out is a person, also an agent, who acts as intermediary between the case officer and his agent. Cut-outs serve one, or perhaps two, valuable functions. They permit oral contact between case officer and agent where physical meetings would be dangerous and written messages undesirable.

They are also used in situations where the

agent should not know the true identity, or even appearance, of the case officer. It not infrequently happens that even the cut-out does not know the true identity of either case officer or agent.

I was once saved great embarrassment by the fact that an agent had no knowledge of my own identity or of the cut-out's. Some months after giving him money and a mission, via the cut-out, this agent defected to the Russians. Thanks to the cut-out device, all he could tell the Russians was that a man he knew only as "Mike" gave him instructions on behalf of a man named "Ray" whom he had never seen. No great loss.

When conditions permit, the cut-out may be a device such as a "drop"- a person or even a place by means of which written messages may be safely exchanged without personal contact. Drops are an opportunity for real ingenuity and a classic device involves sending a theatre ticket to an agent. His neighbour in the darkened theatre, sometimes the case officer, more usually a cut-out, then exchanges documents with him, often without a word passing between them.

Where personal contact is dangerous, but still imperative, resort is made to the "safe house". This is a place where contact can be made under circumstances and with precautions that minimize risk. Brothels were once traditionally favoured as safe houses, but nowadays they are regarded as booby traps because the inmates have usually been corrupted by the police into becoming informers.

A further difficulty in the case officer-agent relationship stems from the recruiting process. As often as not the initiation comes from the agent, who proposes a course of action which he is, or claims to be, equipped to carry out. In effect, he is offering a special skill. This gives him some bargaining power, and he can negotiate, even if within small limits.

In place of the confidence that should characterize it, both case officer and agent are in danger of behaving like a pair of irascible marriage partners, each trying to impress the other that he is indispensable to the relationship--to the detriment of its true purposes.

There are ways, of course, of overcoming some of these initial advantages of the agent and American practice has achieved a certain sophistication over the years in this respect.

Ende with a specific task, the Central Intelligence Agency will usually make a considerable effort to determine who is the best qualified man. They will then study the man's chain of friendships, and more often than not it is possible to reach one of the friends to do the recruiting.

Another tactic is to overwhelm the pros-

Reinhard Gehlen, head of the German Secret Service, keeps himself hidden. This wartime picture was probably the last ever taken of him.



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I FINISHED my legal business in Calcutta on the Friday evening, but there was no 'plane to Bangkok until eight-thirty the following morning. It was a slow 'plane that halted at Rangoon for several hours. I decided to stay the night at the old Grand Hotel.

After a good dinner, I strolled to the cabaret that adjoined the hotel. The place was crowded, mainly with British and Indians. It had that exciting atmosphere, which is a compound of sex and alcohol, that seems to germinate in Eastern nightclubs but is more difficult to come by west of Suez.

I managed to get to bed by midnight, and

**• The King had been found
in bed with a
.45 colt revolver
by his hand. •**

who

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED LAURENT

peptive agent with rank. An approach by a high official is not only flattering, but is an implicit mark of confidence.

Unfortunately, American practice may be well-conceived, but often falls down badly in the execution. What matters is not so much what you do but how you do it.

A friend told me he had finally refused to make any more contacts for the CIA because in too many cases the Agency either never followed through, or even spoke with the man they had begged my friend to make contact with.

Another friend—I'll call him Frank—worked in the CIA for some years and left in a far from satisfied frame of mind. Even so, about three years later he was approached and asked to act as agent in an operation which would have meant completely altering some urgent and, to him, vitally important plans. He explained his difficulty to the CIA, but said he would be willing to undertake the operation because of the importance they seemed to attach to his taking part. His only condition was that he must know definitely about it within two weeks.

He heard nothing further—ever.

But about two years later he was at a cocktail party in Washington when Allen Dulles, director of the CIA, walked up. They were introduced, but Dulles said heartily "Of course I know Frank. I've been trying to get him back into our work for the past five years."

As Frank, later explaining to me his stupefaction, said: "I guess the explanation is simply that it's a very big organization." He added, moodily: "At least, I hope it's no worse than that."

"Cover" is something that shields the secret agent from his opposition. It puts him into a position to accomplish his mission. And it is an art.

All good cover reaches into the mind of the opponent, thinks as he would think, and then creates a combination of fact and fancy, or actual arrangements and contrived impressions which the opposing mind is prepared to believe.

In all human conflict the stronger man is he who can think as the enemy thinks, and the victor is he who seizes the advantage this gives him.

Cover takes an infinite variety of forms. The commonest—and widely used by people outside secret operations, such as bankers, ambassadors and lovers—is the large cocktail party of diplomatic reception. At these affairs, meetings and conversations can take place seemingly casually.

The budget of the United States Government is itself a cover. Buried in it is the budget of the Central Intelligence Agency.



Greville Wynne was just another British businessman working in Hungary, until the Russians placed him under arrest and tried him as a spy.

scattered about in a manner that is reportedly proof against the closest scrutiny. In other words, the CIA receives its money under the cover of the Federal Budget.

It is one of the seeming iniquities of the secret war today that, in general, world opinion is often indifferent to transparency in Soviet political cover arrangements.

The Peace Campaign was launched initially in 1948, as a Soviet cover organization aimed at reinforcing Soviet policy concerning Western Defence.

The U.S. Government reacted with statement after statement showing conclusively that this was a Soviet initiative, in support of Soviet foreign policy. The technique did not work.

The Campaign succeeded beyond the Russians' fondest hopes, even to the extent that years later, when they intervened in Hungary, they had to pay a high price in loss of prestige with the very people they had won in the Campaign.

In brief, people were indifferent to the unmasking of the Peace Campaign as a Soviet initiative. I do not believe it was because they were dupes. I believe that it is because people liked what was offered.

Occasionally the inter-relation of what the American is, what the foreigner thinks he is, and what the American thinks the foreigner ideally ought to think he is produces some unexpected results.

It was, for example, and still is, widely

(continued on page 281)

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(continued)

came, they came piecemeal. First there was an announcement about the mysterious disappearance of a man who had registered at a Portsmouth hotel. It was some time before a further announcement gave his name. Then a newspaper reporter uncovered the fact that the man had arrived in Portsmouth with diving equipment.

To this there was added eventually an official announcement that Crabb occasionally did some research for the Admiralty under contract.

This was followed later by a denial that Crabb was on official business when he visited Portsmouth, and that was the last official word on the subject. Throughout all these statements there was an air of vagueness, implying that Crabb either didn't exist, or that he was such a tremendous enthusiast for diving that he had probably gone to Portsmouth for several days of his favourite sport.

To speak out too fast on a cover story is to show your hand before you know all you can about what cards your opponent holds. To tell all in one blast eliminates your chances to improvize as the situation develops.

The proof of this British pudding lay in the fact that the Russian visit went on to its planned completion, and after their single protest, the Russians dropped the matter.

It is typical of the drama and irony of secret operations that at the same time Commander Crabb was being discovered by the Russian watch aboard the *Sverdlovsk*, a Russian espionage ring was functioning smoothly ashore in the British Underwater Detection Establishment at Portland.

The principal agents were a couple who conducted their operations under the cover of a bookshop. They were uncovered and arrested only in 1961 and even then there was considerable doubt as to their true identity and nationality.

Their personal cover of false identities as Canadians held up until American authorities came forward with positive identification of them as American citizens with past records of Communist activity.

The couple—the Cohens alias Kroger—lived in a house in which was found a radio transmitter and other clandestine equipment. They themselves never received documents from the sub-agents working at Portland Naval Base. These were transmitted to the Cohens by a cut-out who was in due course brought under British security surveillance.

Even after arrest, however, the Cohens produced a cover story. It was that they had lent their house several times to friends, among them the cut-out, and they denied knowledge of the equipment or of those friends' activities.

The Cohens' cover story was highly effec-

tive. It endured for a considerable time by professional standards and even continued to confuse the investigators after the couple's activities had been revealed. Its effectiveness is measured by the extent to which other agents and activities of their group were protected by the story and its accompanying delays and confusion.

And who knows who and what these other agents and activities were? Moscow does. London and Washington do not.

Who can properly estimate the true extent of the defeat represented by the arrest of the Cohens?

Only Moscow can. This is good cover at work.

Cover is not created by recourse to a theatrical supply house. Disguise is rarely feasible. Exceptions always exist, of course, and the outstanding one in my experience is a non-moustachioed British general who periodically operates disguised as a woman. He once said to me: "Not flashily attractive, you understand, but not motherly either. Just *chic*, don't you know."

But the lone agent, operating under a personal cover, is fast becoming an anachronism. In a world of organization men, the best cover for an agent is to be an organization man.

The adventurous explorer has been converted into a travel agency executive, and Mata Hari works from nine to five as a research assistant on the staff of a large circulation magazine.

This melancholy development is known as organizational cover, and it is a field in which the Russians have serious problems. Since almost all activity in the Soviet Union, and certainly all Russian foreign activity, is organized and directed by the State, no Soviet agency can provide plausible organizational cover. Consequently, the Russians often use foreign organizations, obviously without sanction. It is this which explains their inability to resist the temptations offered by the United Nations as cover for some of their agents.

We live in a period of sharp conflict in which, for the moment, the driving forces are two great centres of power. Neither of these two Powers is willing to risk open warfare of the kind which will call into play the ultimate weapons.

Accordingly the conflict moves forward largely covertly in the political and paramilitary realms. It is the covert nature of these operations which avoids the kind of direct confrontation which could produce nuclear warfare.

To that extent we might all pray for more and better cover. ▲▲▲

Adapted from: "The Spy and his Masters", by Christopher Felix (Secker & Warburg, 25s.). Copyright © 1963 Christopher Felix.

BLUEPRINT FOR A SPY

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assumed by professionals that a certain bank in a European city is a Soviet cover organization.

As U.S. operations in Europe grew in perplexity, and their financing became a real problem, it was at one point decided to follow the Russian lead and to take over a certain old-established but relatively inactive bank in a large American city and establish a branch in Europe. The operation failed because the man chosen to lay the groundwork in a peculiar way overdid his cover.

It was necessary to purchase the charter of an existing bank in the country in Europe. As it happened, I knew of a small bank which, for a reasonable sum, was willing to sell its charter, subject, as required, to the Finance Ministry's approval.

Unfortunately the emissary from America talked too much.

Instead of saying merely that his principals in America wanted to enter banking to make money, he talked incessantly and widely about how local interest rates were usurious. It was his principals' intention, he said in noble ringing tones, to introduce modern banking practices, to put credit within reach of everyone, for the ultimate benefit of the local economy.

His hearers, many of them bankers, hastened to the Ministry to protest strongly in advance against the approval of any charter to such disruptive elements. (As a colleague of mine remarked at the time, "a good example of all cover and no agent".)

One of the American weaknesses with cover is the psychological limitations on Americans, a certain slipshod quality at the professional level, which is not so much a lack of thoroughness as it is the hope to get by.

In the summer of 1960 two young Americans, travelling ostensibly as students gathering material for a treatise, were arrested by the Russians in the Ukraine on charges of espionage. (It is worth noting that each denounced the other, and that they were forthwith released and expelled from the Soviet Union.) They were travelling, they said, on grants from the Northercraft Educational Fund of Baltimore, Maryland. An American reporter, hoping that the Fund itself would be able to refute the Russian charge, uncovered the fact that no such organization existed in Baltimore or anywhere else.

In this case, a minor expenditure for a one-room office and a telephone listing would have saved the U.S. considerable embarrassment.

Cover may be no more than a story used to explain the visible evidence of a clandestine operation, or to provide an explanation when an operation encounters difficulties.

The U-2 flights, for example, operated under cover of meteorological research.

When the Russians protested about

Powers's violation of their frontiers, a previously prepared cover story was given out that the pilot reported having difficulty with his oxygen equipment while on a flight, one leg of which brought him close to the Russian border. The story went on that it was assumed that the pilot lost consciousness and inadvertently crossed into Russia.

The failure of this cover story illustrates—among other things—several points about cover stories in general. They should not be too precise, nor too detailed, and they should not be forthcoming too quickly, nor all at once.

When Bulganin and Krushchev paid their official visit to Britain aboard the Russian heavy cruiser *Sverdlovsk*, there was great Western interest in the ship itself. During the visit the Russians protested that the ship had been attacked in Portsmouth Harbour by a frogman.

Whatever was the true mission of Commander Crabb, the Admiralty's underwater expert, it was clear that the Russians had caught him.

British official announcements on the subject were some time in coming. When they

